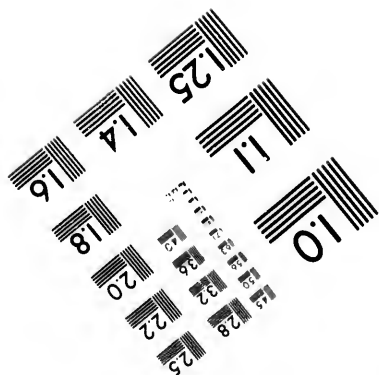
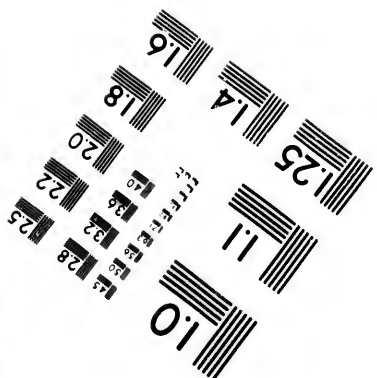
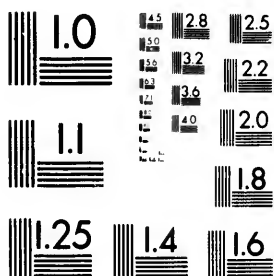


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



28  
25  
22  
20

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**

01



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

**1980**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible

Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

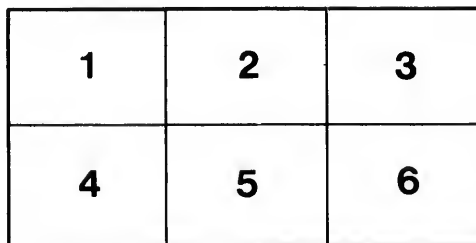
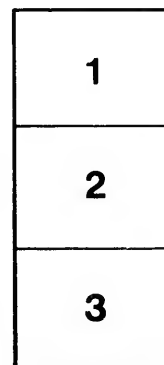
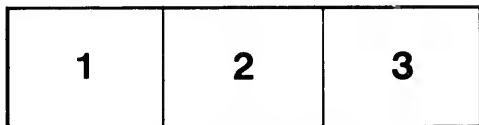
Nova Scotia Public Archives

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Nova Scotia Public Archives

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



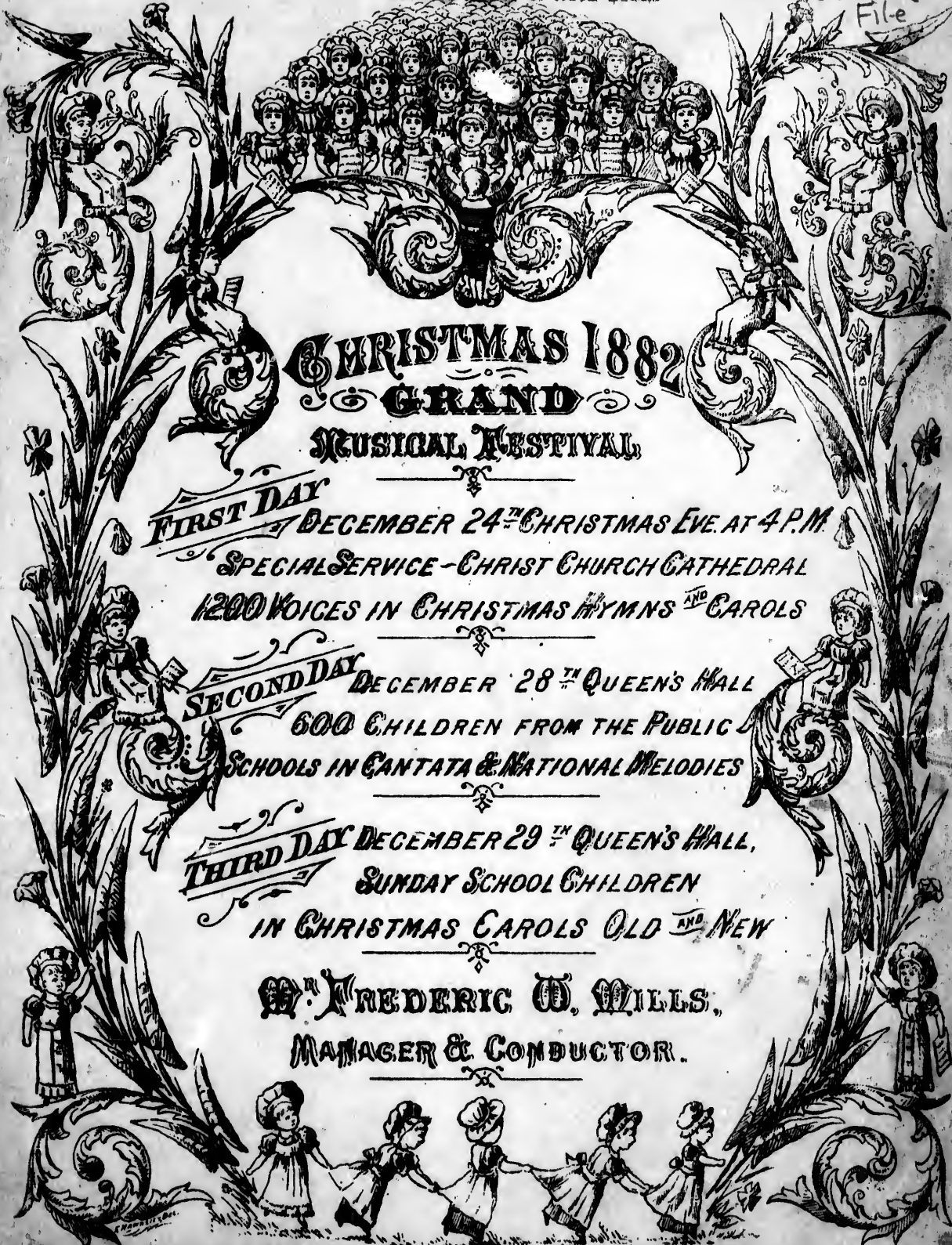
# CHRISTMAS 1882 GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL

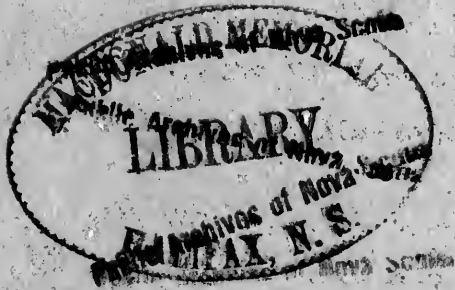
**FIRST DAY** DECEMBER 24<sup>TH</sup> CHRISTMAS EVE. AT 4 P.M.  
SPECIAL SERVICE - CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL  
1200 VOICES IN CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS

**SECOND DAY** DECEMBER 28<sup>TH</sup> QUEEN'S HALL  
600 CHILDREN FROM THE PUBLIC  
SCHOOLS IN CANTATA & NATIONAL MELODIES

**THIRD DAY** DECEMBER 29<sup>TH</sup> QUEEN'S HALL,  
SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN  
IN CHRISTMAS CAROLS OLD AND NEW

**M<sup>r</sup> FREDERIC W. MILLS,**  
MANAGER & CONDUCTOR.





Public Archives of Nova Scotia / 33

Vertical File S

Public Archives of Canada

# CHRISTMAS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

**MONTREAL :**

DECEMBER 24TH, 28TH AND 29TH,

1882.

**First Day.**

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24TH. By the kind permission of the Very Rev. the DEAN, a special CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL SERVICE will be held in Christ Church Cathedral, at 4 o'clock, when about 1200 voices will join in the singing of Christmas Hymns and Carols.

ADDRESS.

**Second Day.**

QUEEN'S HALL.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28TH. With the approval of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, 600 pupils, selected from the various Protestant Public Schools, will perform the Cantata of "RED RIDING HOOD" and a selection of National Melodies.

Address by the Rev. CANON NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L., Chairman of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners.

**Third Day.**

QUEEN'S HALL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29TH. Grand Christmas Carol Concert, by the united Sunday Schools and Band of Hope, with Organ, Piano and Band.

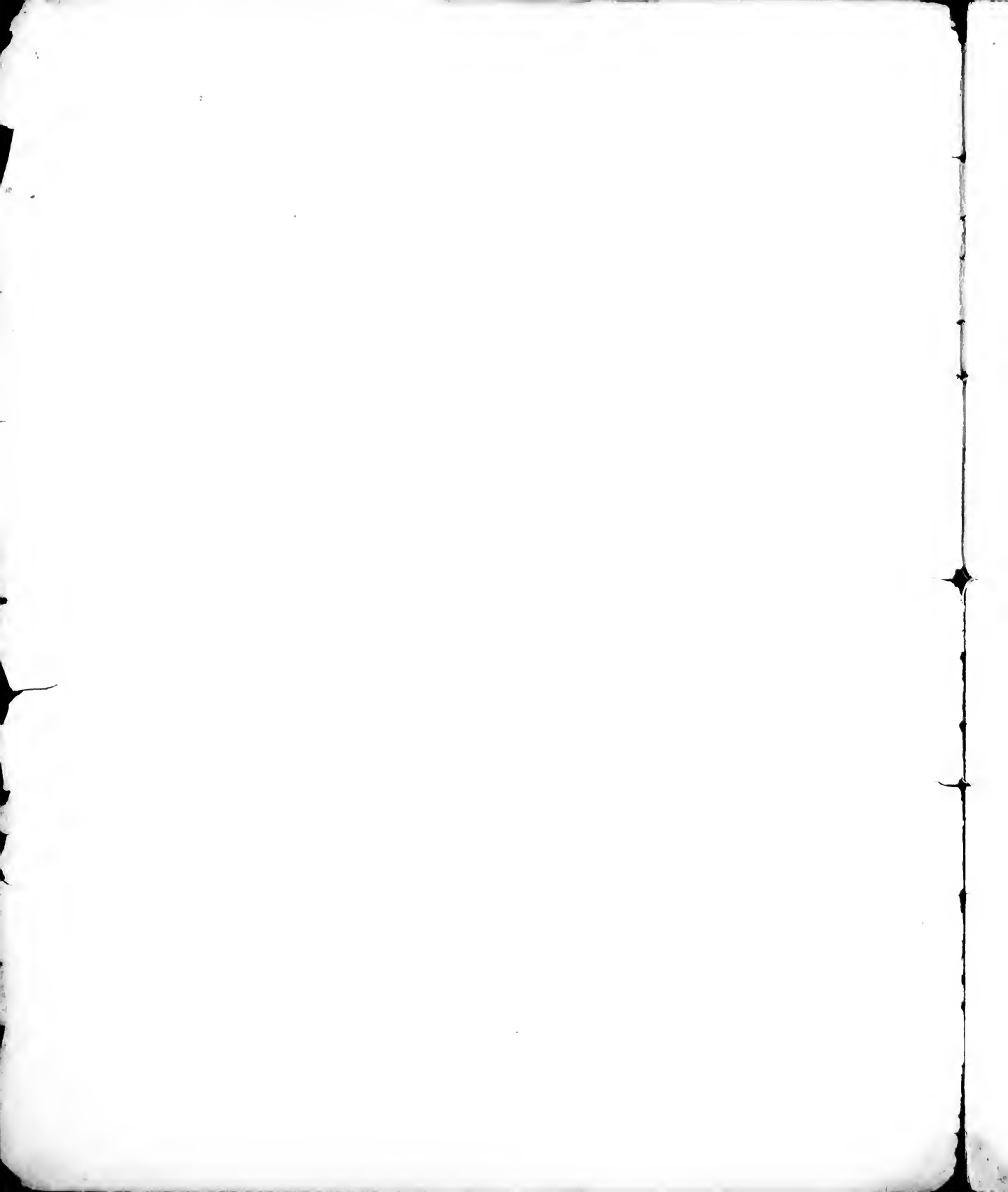
Address by the Rev. CANON CARMICHAEL, Rector of St. George's Church.

**FREDERIC W. MILLS,**

*Manager and Conductor.*

MONTREAL, 7th Dec., 1882.

**F. W. MILLS**  
*Frederic W. Mills*





# Christmas Musical Festival Announcements.

---

The object of these Assemblies is the promotion of the cause of Music generally, more especially among the young; and its encouragement by all legitimate means.

---

The collection to be taken up in the Cathedral at the Festival Service will be a Christmas offering to the Children's Ward of the Montreal General Hospital.

---

## HOURS OF PERFORMANCE.

Sunday, December 24, Christ Church Cathedral, at 4 P. M.

### CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Thursday, December 28th, Queen's Hall, at 8 P.M.

Cantata, "RED RIDING HOOD" and National Melodies.

Friday, December 29th, Queen's Hall, at 8 P.M.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, Old and New.

The doors will be open one hour previously on each occasion.

---

## TICKET AND ENQUIRY OFFICE,

OFFICE OF THE QUEEN'S HALL, NEW YORK COMPANY'S PIANO ROOMS,

226 and 228 ST. JAMES STREET.

---

*Sleighs may be Ordered for TEN o'clock on THURSDAY and FRIDAY Evenings.*

---

Books of the words, containing all other information, for sale at the Music and Book Stores, 25 cents.

---

## PRICES OF ADMISSION.

GUARANTORS' SPECIAL RESERVED SEATS, \$1.00; ORDINARY RESERVE, 75 cts.; GENERAL ADMISSION, 50 cts. Children from the Protestant Public and Sunday Schools, 25 cts. These latter tickets are sold only to *bona fide* Sunday or Public School pupils, on a voucher from their respective teachers.

FREDERIC W. MILLS,

CONDUCTOR, ... .. MR. FREDERIC W. MILLS.  
 ORGAN, ... .. DR. C. F. DAVIES.  
 PIANO, ... .. MRS. MORE.

INSTRUMENTAL QUARTETTE.

---

*Board of Protestant School Commissioners:*

REV. CANON NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L., *Chairman.*  
 WILLIAM LUNN, ESQ., *Hon. Treasurer.*  
 REV. JOHN JENKINS, D.D., LL.D.  
 PRINCIPAL DAWSON, C.M.G., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.  
 GEORGE W. STEPHENS, ESQ., B.C.L., M.P.P.  
 REV. J. F. STEVENSON, D.D., LL.B.

---

S. P. ROBINS, M.A., LL.D., *Secretary and Superintendent of Schools.*

---

LIST OF SCHOOLS, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE BOARD, REPRESENTED  
 IN THE CHORUS:

HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.  
 HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.  
 PREPARATORY HIGH.  
 SENIOR.  
 SHERBROOKE STREET.  
 ROYAL ARTHUR.  
 DORCHESTER STREET.

BRITISH AND CANADIAN.  
 ONTARIO STREET.  
 ANN STREET.  
 PANET STREET.  
 MILL STREET.  
 POINT ST. CHARLES.

## FIRST DAY.

---

FESTIVAL SERVICE IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, 4 O'CLOCK P. M.

---

OPENING HYMN.—“Adeste Fideles.”

I.

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant ;  
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem ;  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of Angels ;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

II.

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;  
Very God,  
Begotten not created ;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

III.

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing, in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above :  
“Glory to God  
In the highest.”  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

IV.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born of Virgin Mother ;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing ;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

---

## LITANY.

CAROL.—“Waken ! Christian Children.”

I.

Waken ! Christian Children, up and let us sing,  
With glad voice, the praises of our new-born King,  
Up ! 'tis meet to welcome, with a joyous lay,  
Christ, the King of Glory, born for us to-day.

II.

Come, nor fear to seek Him, children though we be,  
Once He said of children, “Let them come to Me.”  
In a manger lowly sleeps the heavenly Child ;  
O'er Him fondly bendeth, Mary, mother mild.

III.

Far above that stable, up in heaven so high,  
One bright star outshineth, watching silently.  
Fear not, then, to enter, though we cannot bring  
Gold, or myrrh, or incense, fitting for a King.

IV.

Gifts He asketh richer, offerings costlier still,  
Yet may, Christian Childrer., bring them, if they will.  
Brighter than all jewels shines the modest eye ;  
Best of gifts, He loveth infant purity.

ADDRESS.

## CAROL.—"The Manger Throne."

## I.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine  
The stars are sparkling bright ;  
The bells of the city of God ring out,  
For the Son of Mary was born to night :  
The gloom is past, and the morn at last  
Is coming with orient light.

## II.

Never fell melodies half so sweet  
As those which are filling the skies ;  
And never a palace shone half so fair  
As the manger-bed where our Saviour lies ;  
No night in the year is half so dear  
As this which has ended our sighs.

## III.

Now a new Power has come on the earth,  
A match for the armies of Hell ;  
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,

And all the spirits of wickedness quell ;  
For Mary's Son is the mighty one  
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

## IV.

The stars of heaven still shine as at first  
They gleamed on this wonderful night ;  
The bells of the city of God peal out,  
And the angels' song still rings in the height ;  
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,  
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

## V.

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,  
The pavement of sapphire is there ;  
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world ;  
And angels of God are crowding the air ;  
And Heaven and Earth, through the spotless Birth,  
Are at peace on this night so fair.

## COLLECTION.

A Christmas offering in aid of the funds of the Montreal General Hospital.

ORGAN SOLO.—Offertory in A major.—WELLY.

Dr. C. F. DAVIES.

CLOSING HYMN.—"Hark ! the Herald Angels sing."

## I.

Hark ! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King :  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem,  
Hark ! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King.

## II.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb ;

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !  
Hail, the incarnate Deity !  
Pleased as man, with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Fr manuel.  
Hark ! the herald angels sing, &c.

## III.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings ;  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give the second birth.  
Hark ! the herald angels sing, &c.  
Amen.

## SECOND DAY.

QUEEN'S HALL, 8 P. M.

Six hundred pupils from the Protestant Public Schools in Cantata and National Melodies.

OPENING CHORALE.—“*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*”—Music and Words by MARTIN LUTHER.

I.

A sure stronghold, our God, is He ;  
A trusty shield and weapon :  
Our help He'll be, and set us free  
From every ill can happen.  
A crowd of deadly foes  
Our onward way oppose ;  
Base follies, fears and cares,  
And sin doth spread her snares ;  
How shall we flee from danger ?

II.

Thro' our own force we nothing can,  
Straight were we lost forever ;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
By God sent to deliver.  
Ask ye who this may be ?  
Christ Jesus named is He ;  
Of Sabaoth the Lord,  
Sole God to be adored.  
'Tis He must win the battle.

ADDRESS BY REV. CANON NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L.,

*Chairman of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners.*

The Music to the Story of Little Red Riding Hood for Female Voices, by Franz Abt.

*The Story told in Verse by HERMANN FRANCKE.—English version by ELIZABETH M. TRAUQUAIR.*

### INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

Flee, gloomy shadows, yield to the light !  
Pale are ye gleaming, planets of night ;  
Daylight is breaking now ,  
Sun is awaking now,  
All things are bright.

Ocean is waking, winds softly blow,  
Rivers rejoicing, ripple and flow ;  
Woods, can ye dreaming lie,  
While morn is beaming high ?  
Earth is aglow !

### RED RIDING HOOD'S MORNING HYMN.

*Red R.* Now past and gone is gloomy night,  
And morning fair is overhead ;  
How faithfully Thine angels bright  
Have kept their watch about my bed !  
Dear God in Heav'n and Father mild,  
Look down upon a little child,  
And, as Thou art, make pure my heart,  
And let me not ever from duty depart.

Give you good morning, sweet flowerets all !  
Bright are your eyes as the morning is fair.  
Give you good morning ! how sweet your call,  
Bird of the vale, dear nightingale !  
Not to-day can I stop for your singing ;  
To the cot yonder I now must repair,  
Cake and wine to my grandmama bringing.

CHORUS. (*Flowers, and birds calling.*)

Ah ! joy and spring, too soon will pass,  
Come, dance with us in the forest grass ;  
On yon green knoll we'll dance and play,  
And merrily sing on this bright summer day.

*Red R.* Be near me, Lord, when dangers come,  
And mine a cheerful spirit be !  
Although I wander, far from home,  
Forsaken I can never be ;  
For shelter'd in Thy loving arm,  
Secure I'll rest and safe from harm.  
Oh ! as Thou art, make pure my heart,  
And let me not ever from duty depart.

## CHORUS.

Come here, come here !

Hark ! how we rustle and call you !  
Come here, come here !

But a moment, nought can befall you.  
Listen not thou to the solemn bells ringing,  
Come where your playmates are calling and  
singing,

Come here, come here.

*Red R.* I'll not go near.

*Chorus.* Come here, come here.

*Red R.* I'll not go near.

*Chorus.* Come here, come here, come here,

## THE WOLF'S SONG.

*Wolf.* What a jovial life I'm leading,  
Food when hungry sure to find ;  
Through the pleasant forest speeding,  
With a calm, contented mind ;  
I've no trouble with my living,  
For the wood is always giving.  
Scarce at morn I raise my head,  
When I find my table spread,  
Plenty, too, upon it.

I am quite a merry fellow,  
Not so wicked as they say,  
If the source of evil, hunger,  
Did not plague me day by day.  
But when hunger's pangs assail me  
Sheep and lambkins never fail me,  
Scarce at morn I raise my head,  
When I find my table spread,  
Plenty, too, upon it.

And when such a tender morsel  
Now and then comes in my way,  
Should I, foolish wolf, refuse it,  
And go seek another prey ?  
They may call me grey old sinner,  
Yet I'll have a Sunday dinner.  
Scarce at morn I raise my head,  
When I find my table spread,  
Plenty, too, upon it.

## DUET AND CHORUS.

*Nightingale.* Why must I sing all alone in the grove ?

*Rose.* Why must I bloom lonely, waiting my love ?

*Nightingale.* Ah ! and how soon will the song die  
away !

*Rose.* Ah ! and how soon will the blossom decay !

*Chorus.* Let us be joyful, while yet there is time,  
Blooming and singing in youth's golden prime,  
While in their beauty the summer days pass,  
Careless and happy amid the green grass :  
Come here beside us and merrily play,  
Dancing and springing, all blithesome and gay.  
Curls, lightly waving, will lighten the heart,  
Feet, lightly tripping, tell cares to depart.

Cheeks rosy glowing will make the heart warm,  
With us then tarry, we'll do you no harm !  
While in their beauty, etc.

*Wolf.* Red Riding Hood !

*Red Ridinghood.* I come, I come.

*Wolf.* Come hither to me.

*Chorus.* Oh ! the wolf. Away from here !

## RED RIDING HOOD'S REPENTANCE.

*Red R.* My heart is heavy all within,  
And gone is all desire for playing ;  
I wonder if it was a sin  
To go into the forest straying.  
Ah, yes ! I feel with grief and pain,  
I should not thus have gone a-Maying ;  
I will not do it e'er again,  
Not e'er again.

But, ah ! the woods were all too fair  
And sweet, the while the birds were singing,  
And flowers, flowers everywhere,  
Around their fragrant perfumes flinging,  
Ye'll call me henceforth all in vain ;  
My guardian angel help is bringing  
That I may do it n'er again,  
Not e'er again.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Fear thee not, maid, the Lord is above thee,  
Watching, though wide thou wert tempted to  
stray ;  
Though thou forgettest Him, still He doth love thee,  
Safely He'll bring thee again to the way ;  
Dark though it seemeth, yet be not afraid,  
He is thy guide, then, fear thee not, maid.  
Fear thee not, maid, the Lord will protect thee,  
Guard thee from dangers where'er thou dost roam,  
Sending His angels from Heaven to direct thee,  
Bringing thee safe to thy mother and home.  
God is beside thee, then be not afraid,  
He is thy guide, then be not afraid.

## THE MOTHER'S SONG.

O, is there none can tell me kind  
The road my little maid is straying ?  
Didst thou not meet her, wand'ring wind,  
Amid the shady forest playing ?  
Ye clouds on high,  
Brooks rippling by,  
Have ye not seen my little maid ?  
There's something chanced her, I'm afraid,  
A mother's heart knows joy and sadness,  
Her love is paired with anguish sweet ;  
A mother's heart knows troubled gladness,  
Where cares with pleasure ever meet.

O, tell me, have you seen her stray,  
 Ye little birds above me flying,  
 Or wander from the woodland way,  
 All vainly to regain it trying?  
 There's danger near  
 For her, 'tis clear,  
 Some ill has chanced her, I'm afraid,  
 Kind heaven, help my little maid !  
 She has forgotten all, I fear me,  
 I told her ere she went away.  
 O were my darling once more near me,  
 I should not scold her more to-day.

## TRIO AND NIGHTINGALE SONG.

Tra-ra ! tra-ra ! tra-ra !  
 Hark, how the hunter's horn is sounding,  
 And distant echoes sweet rebounding ;  
 The huntsman bold is here,  
 And rescue now is near !  
 How clear and free, by bush and tree,  
 Through thicket and thorn,  
 Cheerily sounds the hunter's horn,  
 Tra-ra ! tra-ra ! tra-ra !

*Night.* Echo-sounding and rebounding,  
 Sweetly carries it along.  
 Huntsman, hear, O hear my song,  
 Teewet-teewee, teewet-teewee,  
 A bird is singing in the grove  
 By night and day, so clear and sweet ;  
 And in the forest everywhere  
 He fondly seeks his floweret fair,  
 The red, red rose, his gentle love.

A rose is blooming in the grove,  
 So far apart that none can see  
 How fair she opens to the spring ;

Nor can she hear the sweet bird sing  
 Who fondly seeks his gentle love.  
 How fair, &c.

And ah ! she faded in the grove,  
 And with her pass'd that song so sweet ;  
 One summer morn beheld them dead,  
 The sweet bird and the rose so red,  
 The nightingale's own gentle love.  
 One summer morn, &c.  
 Tra-ra ! tra-ra !

Though dangers many were before her,  
 Still watched her guardian angel o'er her.  
 The huntsman bold is here, &c., &c.  
 Tra-ra ! tra-ra !

## CHORUS.

They bend and they rustle, the flow'rets bright,  
 Their sweet little playmate to greet ;  
 The birds of the forest, in joy and delight,  
 Are singing around her so sweet.  
 They rustle and whisper and sing in the grove,  
 And up above  
 Sweetly carol the angels their song of love,  
 "Glory to God in the highest."

The horn, sounding jubilant, sweet and clear,  
 Says maiden, be merry, tra-ra.  
 The mother waits lonely ; the cot now is near ;  
 At length, then, my darling is here.  
 O do not be angry, sweet mother, dear,  
 For pure her heart !  
 From thee and from duty she never will part.  
 From thee and from duty she never will part.  
 "Glory to God in the highest."

TOY SYMPHONY, ... .. Romberg.

(PERFORMED BEFORE THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.)

INSTRUMENTS.—Organ, Pianoforte, Cuckoo, Quail, Nightingale, Trumpets in C. and G., Triangle  
 Drum, Bells and Rattle.

## NATIONAL MELODIES.

"Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them."—LONGFELLOW.

ENGLISH.—"God Bless the Prince of Wales."

I.  
Among our ancient mountains, and from our lovely  
vales,  
Oh! let the prayer re-echo, God bless the Prince of  
Wales!  
With heart and voice awaken those minstrel strains of  
yore,  
Till Britain's name and glory resound from shore to  
shore.

*Chorus.*

Among our ancient mountains, and from our lovely  
vales,  
Oh! let the prayer re-echo, God bless the Prince of  
Wales!

II.

Should hostile bands or danger e'er threaten our fair Isle,  
May God's strong arm protect us, may heaven still on  
us smile!

Above the throne of England may fortune's star long  
shine,  
Around its sacred bulwark the olive branches twine!

*Chorus.*

Among our ancient mountains, and from our lovely vales,  
Oh! let the prayer re-echo, God bless the Prince of  
Wales!

III.

God bless brave Christian's daughter, our noble Prince's  
bride;  
The Danish flag and England's henceforth float side by  
side.  
To her, that lovely Princess, we look with pride and joy;  
May sorrow never darken, nor fate our hopes destroy!

*Chorus.*

Then let the prayer re-echo among our hills and dales,  
God bless fair Alexandra, God bless the Prince of  
Wales!

\*FRENCH.—"Hymne des Marseillais."

I.  
Allons, enfants de la Patrie!  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.  
Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
L'étendard sanglant est levé,  
L'étendard sanglant est levé.  
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes  
Mugir ces féroces soldats?  
Ils viennent, jusques dans vos bras,  
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes!  
Aux armes citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons:  
Marchons! marchons! qu'un sang impur  
Abreuve nos sillons.

II.

Que vent cette horde d'esclaves,  
De traîtres, de rois conjurés!  
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,  
Ces fers, dès longtemps préparés? (bis)

Français pour nous, ah! quel outrage;  
Quel transport il doit exciter?  
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer  
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!  
Aux armes, etc.

III.

Amour sacré de la Patrie,  
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;  
Liberté, Liberté chérie,  
Combats avec tes défenseurs: (bis)  
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire  
Accoure à tes mâles accents;  
Que tes ennemis expirants  
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.  
Aux armes, etc.

\*LA MARSEILLAISE.—The words and music are the composition of Claude Joseph ROUGET DE LISLE, a Captain of Engineers, quartered at Strasburg when the Volunteers of the Bas Rhin received orders to join Luckner's army. Hearing it regretted that the young soldiers had no patriotic song to march to Rouget de Lisle returned to his lodgings, and in a fit of enthusiasm composed during the night of 24th of April, 1792, the words and music of the song which has immortalised his name.

The Volunteers entered Paris on 30th July, singing their new hymn; and with it on their lips they marched to the attack of the Tuileries on August 10th, 1792. From that day the "Chant de Guerre pour l'armée du Rhin" was called "Chanson des Marseillais" and finally "La Marseillaise."



## \*WELSH.—“March of the Men of Harlech.”

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,  
Do you hear, like rushing billow,  
Wave on wave that surging follow,  
Battle's distant sound?  
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,  
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,—  
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen,  
They shall bite the ground!  
Loose the folds asunder,  
Flag we conquer under!  
The placid sky now bright on high  
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!  
Onward! 'tis our country needs us!  
He is bravest, he who leads us!  
Honor's self now proudly heads us!  
Cambria, God, and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow  
Flash with spear and flight o' arrow,  
Who would think of death or sorrow?  
Death is glory now!  
Hurl the reeling horseman over!  
Let the earth dead foeman cover!  
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover  
Trembles on a blow!  
Strands of life are riven;  
Blow for blow is given,  
In deadly lock, or battle shock,  
And mercy shrieks to heaven!  
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,  
Would you win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Cambria, God, and Right!

## †IRISH.—“Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.”

## I.

Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the proud invader;  
When her kings, with standards of green unfurled,  
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,  
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,  
Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

## II.

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining;  
Thus, shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus, sighing, look back through the waves of time  
For the long faded glories they cover.

## AMERICAN.—“The Star-Spangled Banner.”

## I.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleam-  
ing;  
Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were gallantly stream-  
ing;  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that a flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## II.

When our land is illum'd with liberty's smile,  
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,  
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile  
The flag of her stars and the page of her story.  
By the millions unchained, who our birthright have  
gain'd,  
We'll keep her bright blazon forever unstained;  
And the star-spangled banner forever shall wave  
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.

\* The earliest instance of the March form in regular rhythmical phrasing, seems to be the well-known and beautiful Welsh tune, the national Cambrian war song, the “March of the Men of Harlech.” This melody, which has only become generally popular within recent years, is stated by Lloyd, the “Bard of Snowdon,” to have originated during the siege of Harlech Castle in 1468. If this be so, Dr. Crotch was justified in saying (in his ‘Specimens of Different Kinds of Music’) “the military music of the Welsh is superior to that of any other nation,” i. e., reading the remark with reference to the war-songs of the period.—Grove, 1880, Vol. II.

† It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that fishermen in clear weather used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.—Topog. Hib. dist. 2, c. 9.

## \*SCOTCH.—“Auld Lang Syne.”

I.  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne ;  
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

IV.  
And there's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
And we'll take a richt guid willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, etc.

II.  
We twa hae ran about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, etc.

III.  
We twa hae paidlt in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne, etc.  
For auld lang syne, etc.

V.  
And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine ;  
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, etc.

## CANADIAN.—“Honor to Canada.”

I.  
Thou whom we all adore,  
Gathered from every shore,  
One heart with many a tongue,  
To Thee our prayer is sung.  
Grant us prosperity,  
Honor and liberty,  
With true nobility ;  
Long may our motto be,  
Honor to Canada.

II.  
May race dissensions all  
Fade as our leaves in Fall,  
May laws and manners grow  
Pure as our ice and snow.  
Last born of nations we,  
Our flag from sea to sea,  
Inwove with mightier fold,  
Shall yet, thro' all, uphold,  
Honor to Canada.

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen !  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On her be pleased to pour,  
Long may she reign !  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen !

\* The above is the version of “Auld Lang Syne,” which Burns communicated to Johnson's Museum, and which has since become so universal a favorite. The air to which “Auld Lang Syne” is sung is not the original one, which Burns pronounced to be  $\text{M}\mu\text{D}\text{I}\text{O}\text{C}\mu\text{R}$ , but one adapted from an old Lowland melody, called “I fee'd a Lad at Michaelmas.”

## THIRD DAY.

QUEEN'S HALL, 8 P. M.

The united Sunday Schools and Cathedral Band of Hope.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, OLD AND NEW.

OPENING HYMN.—“Adeste Fideles.”—*See page 5.*

“I hear along our street  
Pass the minstrel throngs;  
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!”

GUI BAROZAI.

CAROL.—(Rev. Dr. Neale).—“Good Christian Men Rejoice!”—*Old German.*

I.

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Give ye heed to what we say:

News! News!

Jesus Christ was born to-day!  
Ox and ass before Him bow,  
And He is in the manger now.  
Christ is born to-day!

II.

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart, and soul, and voice;  
Now ye hear of endless bliss:  
Joy! Joy!

Jesus Christ was born for this!  
He hath ope'd the heavenly door,  
And man is blessed forever more.  
Christ was born for this.

III.

Good Christian men, rejoice,  
With heart, and soul and voice;  
Now ye need not fear the grave:  
Peace! Peace!

Jesus Christ was born to save!  
Calls you one, and calls you all,  
To gain His everlasting hall.  
Christ was born to save.

ADDRESS—REV. CANON CARMICHAEL, Rector of St. George's Church.

CAROL.—(Rev. S. C. Hammerton, M.A.).—“Waken! Christian Children.”—*See page 5.* ... .. MILLS.

CAROL.—(From the Latin).—“When I view the Mother holding.” ... .. J. BARNBY.

I.

When I view the Mother holding  
In her arms the heavenly Boy,  
Thousand blissful thoughts, unfolding,  
Melt my heart with sweetest joy, with sweetest joy.

II.

With her Babe the hours beguiling,  
Mary's soul in transport lives;  
God her Son upon her smiling,  
Thousand, thousand kisses fondly gives, fondly gives.

III.

As the sun his radiance flinging,  
Shines upon the bright expanse,  
So the Child to Mary clinging  
Doth her gentle heart, her gentle heart entrance.

IV.

See the Virgin Mother beaming!  
Jesus in her arms embraced;  
Dew on softest roses gleaming,  
Violet with lily chaste, with lily chaste.

V.

Each round the other fondly twining  
Pours the shafts of mutual love,  
Thick as flow'rs in meadows shining,  
Countless as the stars above, as the stars above.

VI.

Oh! may one such arrow glowing,  
Sweetest Child, which thousand dart  
Through thy mother's bosom going,  
Pierce my heart, pierce my heart, Blessed Jesu.

CAROL.—(Rev. Dix).—“The Manger Throne.”—*See page 6.* ... STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

## CAROL.—“Good King Wenceslas.” ... .. Rev. Dr. NEALE.

## I.

*Chorus.*—Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
On the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep, and crisp and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath'ring winter fuel.

## II.

*Solo.*—Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it telling,  
Yonder peasant who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?

*Solo.*—Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain;  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' Fountain.

## III.

*Solo.*—Bring me flesh and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither:  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear him thither.

*Chorus.*—Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together,  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather.

## IV.

*Solo.*—Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how,  
I can go no longer.

*Solo.*—Mark my footsteps, good my page,  
Tread thou in them boldly;  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly.

*Chorus.*—In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth and rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

## CAROL.—“Christmas Song.” ... .. By A. ADAM.

Oh! holy night! the stars are brightly shining;  
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth!  
Long lay the world in sin and sorrow pining,  
Till he appear'd and the soul felt its worth.  
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn!  
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!  
O night divine! O night when CHRIST was born.

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming,  
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand:  
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,  
Here came the Wise Men from the Orient land.  
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,  
In all our trials born to be our friend;  
He knows our need, to our weakness no stranger;  
Behold your KING! before the LOWLY bend!

Truly he taught us to love one another;  
His law is love and his gospel is Peace;  
Chains shall he break, for the slave is our brother,  
And in his name, all oppression shall cease.  
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful Chorus raise we;  
Let all within us praise his Holy name!  
CHRIST is the LORD! then ever! ever praise we!  
His pow'r and glory, evermore proclaim!

CAROL.—“ I saw three ships come sailing in.”—Traditional.

I SAW THREE SHIPS.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I saw three ships come sailing in,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>I saw three ships come sailing in,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>2 And what was in those ships all three,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ?<br/>And what was in those ships all three,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning ?</p> <p>3 The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>The Virgin Mary and Christ were there,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>4 Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning ?</p> | <p>5 O they sailed into Bethlehem,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>O they sailed into Bethlehem,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>6 And all the bells on earth shal' ring,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>And all the bells on earth shall ring,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>7 And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>8 And all the souls on earth shall sing,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>And all the souls on earth shall sing,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning.</p> <p>9 Then let us all rejoice amain,<br/>On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;<br/>Then let us all rejoice amain,<br/>On Christmas day in the morning.</p> |
|---|--|

CAROL.—“ Christmas Song.” ... .. Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.

I.

Once again, O blessed time, thankful hearts embrace thee ;  
If we lost thy festal chime what could e'er replace thee ?  
What could e'er replace thee ? Change will darken many  
a day,

Many a bond dis sever ; many a joy shall pass away,  
But the “ Great joy never ! ” but the “ Great joy never,”  
But the “ Great joy never ! ”

II.

Once again the Holy Night breathes its blessing tender ;  
Once again the Manger light sheds its gentle splendour.  
O could tongues, by Angels taught, speak our exultation  
In the Virgin's Child that brought all mankind salvation.

III.

Welcome thou to souls athirst, fount of endless pleasure ;  
Gates of Hell may do their worst while we clasp our  
treasure ;

Welcome, though an age like this put Thy name on trial,  
And the truth that makes our bliss pleads against denial.

IV.

Yea, if others stand apart, we will pass the nearer ;  
Yea, O best fraternal Heart, we will hold Thee dearer ;  
Faithful lips shall answer thus, to all faithless scorning,  
Jesus Christ is God with us, born on Christmas morning.

V.

So we yield Thee all we can, worship, thanks and bless-  
ing,  
Thee true God, and Thee true man on our knees confess-  
ing.

While Thy Birthday morn we greet with our best devo-  
tion,  
Bathe us, O most true and sweet, in Thy Mercy's ocean.

VI.

Thou that once, 'mid stable cold, was't in babe-clothes  
lying,

Thou whose Altar-veils enfold Power and Life undying,  
Thou whose Love bestows a worth on each poor en-  
deavour,

Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth in our praise forever.

CAROL.—“ We Three Kings of Orient are.” ... .. Rev. J. J. HOPKINS, D.L.

## I.

We three Kings of Orient are ;  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder Star.

*Chorus.*—O Star of wonder, Star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright ;  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect light.

## II.

*Melchior.*

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain  
Gold I bring to crown Him again,  
King for ever, ceasing never  
Over us to reign.  
*Cho.*—O Star of wonder, &c.

## III.

*Caspar.*

Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense owns a Deity nigh.

Prayer and praising, all men raising,  
Worship Him, God most High.

*Cho.*—O Star of wonder, &c.

## IV.

*Balthazar.*

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume.  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom :  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

*Cho.*—O Star of wonder, &c.

## V.

Glorious now behold Him rise,  
King and God and Sacrifice,  
Alleluia, Alleluia ;  
Earth to the heavens replies.

*Cho.*—O Star of wonder, &c.

CAROL.—“ Jacob's Ladder.”—Traditional.

## I.

As Jacob with travel was weary one day,  
At night on a stone for a pillow he lay,  
He saw in a vision a ladder so high,  
That its foot was on earth and its top in the sky.

(*Chorus*)

Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the Tree,  
And hath raised up a ladder of mercy for me,  
And hath raised up a ladder of mercy for me.

## II.

This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made,  
Has stood hundreds of years, and is not yet decayed ;  
Many millions have climbed it and reached Sion's Hill,  
And thousands by faith are climbing it still,

(*Chorus*) Hallelujah to Jesus, etc.

## III.

Come let us ascend ; all may climb it who will ;  
For the angels of Jacob are guarding it still ;  
And, remember, each step that by faith we pass o'er,  
Some Prophet or Martyr has trod it before.

(*Chorus*) Hallelujah to Jesus, etc.

## IV.

And when we arrive at the haven of rest  
We shall hear the glad words, “ Come up hither, ye blest ;  
Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss.”  
O, who would not climb such a ladder as this ?

(*Chorus*) Hallelujah to Jesus, etc.

